The GLOW of the RUBIES

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SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprises to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Frances. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires. Lightnut later discovers in his apartment a beefy person in mutton-chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declare the intruder to be a criminal, called "Foxy Grandpa." The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter in vain. He is hustled off to jail. In the morning Lightnut is astonished to find Billings gone, and more astonished when he gets a message from the latter, demanding his clothes. Lightnut, bound for Tarrytown, Billings' home, discovers "Frances," the girl of the pajamas, on the train. Lightnut speaks to her and alludes to the night before. She declares indignantly that Lightnut never saw her in black pajamas. At Tarrytown Frances is met by a husky college youth, who hails Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter ignores the boy, who then threatens to thrash him for offending Frances. Lightnut takes the next train home. Billings and Lightnut discover mysterious Chinese characters on the pajamas. Professor Doozenberry is called in to interpret the hieroglyphics. He raves over what he calls the lost silk of Si-Ling-Chi. The writing declares that a person wearing the pajamas will take on the semblance of the previous wearer. The professor borrows the pajamas for experiment. "Billings" dressed in pajamas is found in the professor's room and is taken home in an automobile with Frances and a woman Lightnut calls "the frump." Lightnut is angered by "the frump's slanderous talk about "Francis.' "Billings" is taken to his room. A servant tells Lightnut that a message has just been received stating that Billings was under arrest in New York for stealing a suit of black pajamas. Judge Billings astonishes Lightnut with a tale of Francis' escapades. Lightnut asks permission to speak to "Frances." The judge declares that not another living person would tackle the job, and Lightnut, his mind occupied with the beautiful Frances, is greatly mystified. Policeman O'Keefe returns the black pajamas and Lightnut sends them to Billings' room. Lightnut has an interesting hour with Frances. He tells of the things the judge has been saying about "Frances," much to "Frances'" amusement. Judge Billings refuses to intercede for a man under arrest claiming to be his son Jack. The judge promises Jack to wear the pajamas that night. Next morning Jenkins tells Lightnut he saw him (Lightnut) fighting with a youth in the library during the night. Jack Billings tells Lightnut the judge is going to send Frances to a reformatory. Lightnut is attacked by a man he takes for the chauffeur, who objects to his attentions to Frances. Later Lightnut meets Colonel Kirkland, who is the image of "Foxy Grandpa." Professor Doozenberry clears up the various entanglements by explaining the secret of the haunted pajamas.

CHAPTER XXXI—(Continued).

"Midnight!" ejaculated some one at length, just as the professor finished a jolly rum but interesting yarn of adventure in Tibet. We all rose and I was answering a challenge of Billings' for a Sunday morning game of billiards, when all of a sudden a scream rang out from somewhere above. Then came a greater commotion—two voices raised in rapid and excited colloquy. On top of this another scream, louder and more piercing—a woman's call for help.

"One of the maids," Billings hazarded. "A mouse—"

"That was Frances!" I answered him excitedly, and we all piled out in-

Up the Stairway Advanced Professor Doozenberry.

to the hall and peered down its long vista.

Down one of the dimly illumined angles of the great stairway a white figure darted, then paused, abashed, crouching back against the wall at sight of us advancing. Above her sounded a man's voice, and even as she screamed again, he overtook her, clasping her arm.

"Frances—dear, dear Frances!" he cried. "Are you afraid of me?"

And he threw his arms around her.

"Come on back, dearest!" he pleaded. "You have been dreaming."

And under the light of a great red cluster of grapes, pendent from the mouth of a grinning Bacchus, I recognized with horror the yellow mat of hair and freckled face of Billings' cub brother. On the instant, with a bull-like roar, Billings sprang forward, but I was quicker still. But fleeter than either of us to reach the scene were the two elderly men, together with Miss Warfield, the housekeeper, and a couple of maids. Frances darted like a bird to Foxy Grandpa, and then the figures of the women shut her from view.

Billings and I had paused, half-way to the landing. It looked as though the elder Billings was amply capable of handling the occasion now. He had backed the youth against the wall behind, and his language was of a kind I hated to have my darling hear. Every time the other offered to expostulate, his father broke out again.

"You are a disgrace to an honored name!" he roared. "And the only explanation left for me to offer our guests is that you are drunk and don't know where you are!"

"Oh, father!" faltered the boy. And then he turned his black shrouded figure to the pale marble against which he leaned and seemed to me his very heart would sob away.

"What's the matter, dad?" came a voice from the head of the stairway. "What in thunder is all the row about?"

"By George!" gasped Billings. Everybody looked upward—one of the women screamed. For there, slowly advancing down the angle leading to the landing, his yellow mop of hair shining above the dark collar of a dressing-robe, was the duplicate of the youth cowering under the elder Billings' wrath.

And out of a dead, tense silence, came his voice again:

"Can't any of you speak?" He touched the figure on the shoulder. "Who are you?" he asked in an odd, strained voice.

The black figure turned toward him a face agonized in grief.

"I—I don't know," came a voice pitifully—his voice, it seemed.

The cub just stood like a statue for a moment—stood as we all stood. Then slowly his hand went out and touched the hand of his double. Slowly his fingers swept the face, the hair; gradually his eyes closed, as though he were sensing by touch alone.

Suddenly a loud cry leaped from his throat.

"Sister!" he shouted. And he swept the black figure to him.

Then, tossing back his head, the youth faced us with blazing, angry eyes, looking as David must have, when he faced old what's-his-name.

"If there's a man among you, I'd like to know what this means?" he cried.

There was a blank silence for an instant, and then—

"Perhaps I can explain," said a voice.

And up the stairway advanced Professor Doozenberry.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In the Glow of the Rubies.

Evening had come again.

In fact, it was almost bedtime. Frances and I sat before the hearth in the library, looking silently into the red heart of the dying embers of fragrant pine cones. For in the heights of the Pocantico Hills it often is chilly on summer nights.

My darling sat on a low fauteuil, her chin resting upon her hand, her beautiful eyes fixed dreamily, inscrutably, upon the fading coals. In her lap lay the spread of the crimson pajamas.

She was thinking—thinking—I wondered what! And I was thinking how jolly rum it all was; that Francis wasn't Frances, that the professor wasn't Billings, Colonel Francis Kirkland wasn't Foxy Grandpa and wasn't the frump's father after all; and that the frump, herself—bless her, her name was Elizabeth—wasn't Frances, and wasn't a frump at all, but just a jolly, nice, homely old dear, you know. And I was trying to catch and hold some of the deuced queer things the professor had discoursed upon about ancient Occidental what's-its-name, and astral bodies, obsession, psychical research and all that sort of thing. Somehow, dash it, it had all seemed devilish unreasonable and improbable to me—couldn't get hold of it, you know; but as everybody else had said "Ah-h-h!" and had wagged their heads as though they understood, I just said: "Dash it, of course, you know!" and recrossed my legs and took a fresher grip on my monocle.

The most devilish hard thing to get hold of had been that Frances had never sat on the arm of my Morris chair, had never told me she liked me better than any man she had ever met, and had never called me "Dicky" at any time or anywhere. I wondered if she ever would, and how the deuce fellows went about it when they proposed to the girl they madly loved. I was devilish put out, you know, that I had never tried it so I could know.

From across the hall droned the voices from the smoking-room—Colonel Kirkland and the judge debating something about treaty ports and the Manchurian railway. Through the French windows from the open loggia came the eager, pitched tones of the professor and the frump—no, Elizabeth, I mean—discussing Aldeberan and Betelguese, dead suns, star clusters and the nebular hypothesis.

Within the room Billings had snapped out the lights, to bring out the blazing fire of his treasured ruby, and from the tray in the dark corner where he was closing it in his collection vault, it gleamed like the end of a bright cigar. The other four were absently clutched in my darling's hand and the crimson shine gleamed bravely through her finger bars. "Carbuncles—ancient carbuncles," the professor had called them, "that the Chinese believed their dragons carried in their mouths, in their black caves in days of old, to furnish light whereby they could see to devour their victims." And that I believed, for I could see some practical sense about it!

"What I should like to know," said the dear, precious cub, hugging his knee by the mantel, "is where I come in!"

"You don't come in," said Billings, lifting him playfully by the ear; "you come out!" And out they went.

And my dear girl and I were like what's-his-name's picture—alone at last, you know. She stirred softly and her sigh came like the wind through the trees at night.

"I suppose we will have to burn them," she said dolefully; "the professor says it is the only thing to do."

"Jolly shame, I say!" I murmured indignantly.

"It seems a crime," she said softly, and there was a little choke in her voice. She slipped to the soft-fibered rug before the fire. I gently brought my chair closer to her.

For a moment she pressed her cheek against the crimson mass, then kneeling forward, laid it gently on the glowing coals. There was a flash, a lightning blaze of red that almost blinded us, and then for a brief space a field of shining ash. Against this the tiny serpent frogs writhed and

There Was a Flash, a Lightning Blaze of Red.

twisted and turned at last to leaden gray. Over the spread of all, swept wave after wave of golden, crimsoned pictures—temples and pagodas—dragons that licked fiery tongues at us—strange faces that came and went, leering hideously into our own.

And then of a sudden it was all faded—gone! The breeze from the open window stirred the ashes to the side. She dropped back with a deep sigh.

"They're gone," she breathed mournfully.

"Never mind," I said; "you've these left." And daringly I laid my hand upon the one that clasped the rubies. And I thrilled as it lay still beneath my own.

"Good-by, you dear old, wicked, enchanted pajamas," she said. "I don't care—I just love you, because—" She paused.

"Because they brought us together?" By Jove, I didn't know I had said it, till it came out!

An instant, and then I caught it—just a litle whisper, you know:

"Yes—Dicky!"

By Jove! And then, dash it, my monocle dropped! But I let it go.

Presently she looked at the glowing rubies in her hand.

"They are from India, you know, Dicky—from Mandalay, the professor said." And she murmured: "'On the road to Mandalay, where the old flotilla lay'—don't you remember? I've been there, Dicky."

"By Jove!" I said. "Have you, though? Is it jolly?"

"The poet seemed to think so—" She laughed. "Do you know Kipling, Dicky?" I tried to think, but dashed if I could remember.

I wondered if it would be a good place to take a trip to!

I hitched closer. "What does—er—this poet chap say about it? What's it like, you know?"

She laughed. "I'm afraid it's wicked, Dicky, a good deal like the haunted pajamas." She leaned forward, chin upon her hand again, looking into the fading coals. "I'll tell you what he says."

Then her voice went on:

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez," where the best is like the worst,
Where there arn't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst.'

"By Jove!" I said, interested.

"For the temple bells are callin', and it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea."

I brought my hand down on my knee.

"Oh, I say, you know—er—Frances," I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "we'll go there for our honeymoon, by Jove! Shall we—eh?"

And then the jolly rubies rolled unheeded to the floor. And nothing stirred but the ashes of the haunted pajamas!

And then— Oh, but Frances says that's all!

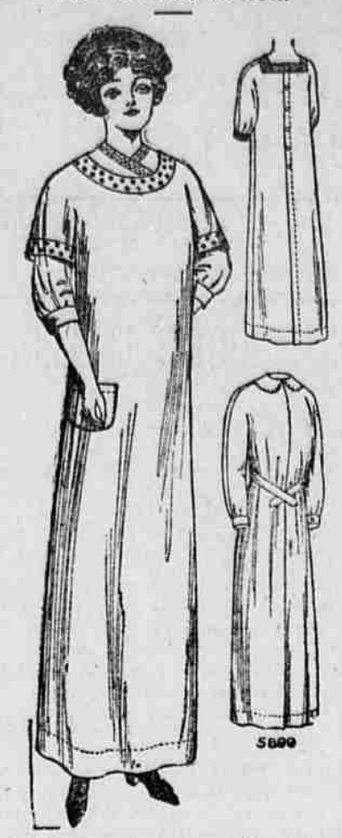
THE END.

Eskimo Wife a Hard Worker.

Eskimo widowers often remarry within a week after the demise of the wife. The helpmate of the savage does most of the work, and he is almost helpless without her. She makes and breaks camp, cooks, cuts up her husband's kill and carries it to camp. She dresses the skins of deer and seals. She makes the footgear and clothes, paddles the canoe and carries every burden. Without her no domestic arrangement can go forward.

Practical Fashions

LADY'S WORK APRON.



5899

This apron has the merit of being easy to make besides being very attractive. It has body and short sleeves cut in one and can be made with or without a seam at front; with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. A band of contrasting material trims the low neck and edges the short sleeves. Gingham, chambray, percale or lawn may be used for carrying the model.

The pattern (5899) is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure. Medium size will require without center front seam, 5¼ yards of 36 inch material and ¼ yard of banding.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 5899. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

LADY'S WAIST.

5907

Here is a delightfully pretty waist and a nice design for development in white wash silk so popular for waists just now. The model is a simple one to carry out. The closing is at the left side of the front, and the neck is completed with a pretty turn-down collar, which is nice fashioned of lace or all-over.

The pattern (5907) is cut in sizes 32 to 42 bust measure. Medium size will require 2½ yards of 36 inch material and ⅝ of a yard of 22-inch all-over.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 5907. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

Truth in Old Adage.

In children the training of the senses, so necessary, is for the most part unconscious and self-attained, as in games, yet the science of psychology has invented tests to aid such training of the senses. There seems to be a lot of truth in the old saying: "Do not believe all you see, nor half you hear."

Sorry He Moved.

Jones (to friend who has moved into town and taken a flat)—Well, old man, I suppose you are beginning to get "city broke," eh?

Friend—Yes; and in another month or two I'm afraid I'll be flat broke.

Wanted Less Speed.

Countrymen (to motorist who has given him a lift)—You hain't gointer pass the old cow, be you, mister?

Motorist—Yes. Why?

Countryman—Oi be droivin' she into Taunton.—Punch (London).

Inexperienced.

In a boarding house for bachelors, Amanda, typical "Mammy," looked after the guests' comfort in true southern style so well that one of the men thought he would take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of housekeeper. Toward spring he waylaid her in the hall one day and said:

"Mandy, do you like the country?"

Mandy reckoned she did.

"Would you like to go away with me this summer and keep house for me?"

Mandy was sure she would.

"Suppose I get just a bungalow. Do you think you could take care of it nicely by yourself?"

Mandy gasped and rolled her eyes. "'Deed, no, massa! Reckon you all better get somebody else; I don't know nothin' about taking care of any animals!"—Harper's Magazine.

Getting Along Fine at School.

Now that school has been "goin" several weeks parents are beginning to inquire of their young hopefuls as to their progress. The other day a mother out on Harrison boulevard, while eating luncheon with her 6-year-old, asked:

"And how are you getting along in school, Dorothy?"

"Oh," replied Dorothy between mouthfuls of bread and milk, "just fine! I and Frances Smith are the smartest and best dressed girls in the school."—Kansas City Star.

Business for Father.

The small daughter of a practicing physician, who evidently has an eye to business, told her mother, in no uncertain terms, that she must call at once on their new neighbor.

"And why must I call on her?" asked the mother, amused at the child's positiveness.

"Well, in the first place," explained the little lady, "they've got three of the scranniest kids, and the mother herself don't look very strong."

Enough to Kill It.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the young girl, "that pretty plant I had setting on the piano is dead."

"Well, I don't wonder," was all the father said.

Put It on Her.

Gibbs—Oh, yes, Jones is an ass and all that, but you'll never hear him say a mean thing about his wife."

Dibbs—I don't know! He says she made him what he is.